

IN PREPARATION,
Large crown 8vo, Illustrated, THE
"JORROCKS" EDITION
Price 6/- each Volume.

Handley Cross Sporting Novels

The issue will commence with
**Mr. Sponge's
Sporting Tour**
In 1 Vol., on Nov. 30. Full particulars,
with specimen pages, at all Booksellers.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.

PRICE THREE PENCE.

No. 2624.
VOLUME
CL.
OCTOBER 24,
1891.

PUNCH OFFICE, 85, FLEET STREET,
LONDON.

CHOCOLAT MENIER *For Breakfast*

HOME INDUSTRIES.
BRITISH SILKS. LIGHT DYE.
Fair Wear Guaranteed.
FABRICATED BY PATENT.
DEBENHAM and FREEBODY,
Wigmore Street and Welbeck Street, London, W.

TRIPLE SPICED INSTEP HOSE.
(Patent No. 50,778.)
For Ladies and Children, in Cashmere, Spun Silk,
Sues, &c.
Illustrations and Price List Post Free.
DEBENHAM and FREEBODY,
Wigmore Street and Welbeck Street, London, W.

THE STANDARD
LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY.
ESTABLISHED 1825.
Accumulated Fund, 7½ Millions Stg.

FOR PROTECTION



& INVESTMENT

EDINBURGH, 3 George St. (Head Office)
LONDON, 83 King William Street, E.C.
3 Pall Mall East, S.W.
DUBLIN, 66 Upper Sackville Street.
Branches & Agencies in India & the Colonies.

"WHITEHALL COURT."

RESIDENTIAL FLATS, FACING THAMES
EMBANKMENT AND WHITEHALL PLACE,
S.W.
These excellent Suites are fitted with every modern
convenience, e.g., Hot and Cold Water, Electric
Light and Heat, Visitors and Servants' lifts in
operation night and day, and occupy the finest
position in London, affording extensive views of
the River (with the Surrey Hills in the distance)
and the Embankment Gardens. They are also most
conveniently and centrally situated with respect to
the principal Clubs, Theatres, &c. The rooms are
all finished to suit the wishes of incoming Tenants,
and the Rents include all Rates, Taxes, Water
Supply, Lighting and heating of the Corridors and
Staircases, and the services of all Porters. The
Suites may be viewed at any time on application to
the Superintendent, J. C. SCURRY, at the
Office on the premises, or to Messrs & Sons,
Estate Agents, 1, Cockspur St. (late Waterloo
House), S.W.



TENERIFE (CANARY) CIGARS.
"REPUBLICAN PRIMAVERA."
A Cool and Delicious Summer Weed of a novel
shape. Mild, Aromatic, and Delicate. Packed in
bundles of 10 in two sizes, 16. 8d. and 24. 8d. (Postage
3d. extra). 17s. and 24s. per 100. Post Free.
BREWSTER & CO. (Ld.), 65, Strand, W.C.; 74, Strand
(East India House), and 140, Chancery Lane, E.C. Ret. 17th.



FIRST—AND—FOREMOST.
BROWN & POLSON'S CORN FLOUR.
NOTE.—First produced and designated CORN FLOUR by
BROWN & POLSON in 1850; not till some time afterwards
was any other Corn Flour anywhere heard of, and none has
now an equal claim to the public confidence.

FRY'S PURE
CONCENTRATED SOLUBLE COCOA
"I consider it a very rich, delicious Cocoa."—W. H. R. STANLEY, M.D.



WORTH et Cie.
(UNDER ROYAL PATRONAGE)
SPECIALITY CORSETS
A separate Department for
Gentlemen, for every class
of Corset.
134, NEW BOND STREET, W.

BRINSMEAD PIANOS.
BRINSMEAD PIANOS.
JOHN BRINSMEAD & SONS,
Pianoforte Makers to H.R.H. the Princess of Wales,
18, Wigmore Street, W. Lists Free.
Established over half a century.

USED IN THE ROYAL NURSERIES.

THE BEST FOOD FOR INFANTS.
In Tins, 1s., 2s., 5s., and 10s. each.
SAVORY & MOORE, LONDON,
AND SOLD EVERYWHERE.



SAMUEL BROTHERS.
SCHOOL OUTFITS.
Messrs. SAMUEL BROTHERS have ready for immediate use a very large assortment of BOYS' and YOUTHS' CLOTHING. They will also be pleased to send, upon application, Patterns of Materials for the wear of Gentlemen, Boys, or Ladies, together with their new Illustrated Catalogue, containing about 600 Engravings. This furnishes details of the various departments, with Price Lists, &c.
ELDER'S Chipping Norton Riding and Sailing Tweeds, Cheviots, Housings, Serges, &c. A very large assortment of the productions of this eminent firm is always kept in stock.
"Knox" Suit.
SAMUEL BROTHERS,
Merchant Tailors, Outfitters, &c., 65 & 67, LUDGATE HILL, LONDON, E.C. Workshops: Pilgrim St., Ludgate Hill; and 44, Gray's Inn Road.



For Large and Small Game, Rook shooting, and Target Practice, are unsurpassed for accuracy and unexcelled for rapidity of fire.

COLT'S LIGHTNING MAGAZINE RIFLES.

For Large and Small Game, Rook shooting, and Target Practice, are unsurpassed for accuracy and unexcelled for rapidity of fire.

COLT'S REVOLVERS

carried off all the highest Prizes at Bialy, Edinburgh, and Dublin in 1880. Price List free.

COLT'S FIREARMS CO.,

25, Abchurch Lane, London, E.C.

STREETER & COMPANY'S SPECIALITIES—
DIAMONDS, white and modern cut,
RUBIES of the pigeon's blood colour,
SAPPHIRES of the true blue colour,
PEARLS of the finest lustre.
RARE & CURIOUS GEMS.

STREETER & COMPANY { Gem Merchants
& Goldsmiths,
LONDON—NEW BOND STREET, W.

NEW YORK.
THE BUCKINGHAM HOTEL.
NEW YORK.
THE BUCKINGHAM HOTEL.
(EUROPEAN PLAN),
FIFTH AVENUE.

The most fashionable, convenient, healthy locality, with magnificent views, Rooms, superb Cuisine, elegant public and private Sitting Rooms, every modern improvement, perfect sanitation, and moderate charges.
WETHERBEE & FULLER
Proprietors.

HOTEL METROPOLITAN.
CANNES.

Unrivalled, elevated, full South position with charming views of Mediterranean and Fine Woods. Sanitary arrangements planned and executed by leading London Engineers. Will be re-opened on NOVEMBER NEXT for the reception of guests.
Family Apartments en suite, with Private Bath Room, &c. Lift to all floors. Particulars may be obtained, and rooms may be engaged, in London at the Grand Hotel or Hotel Metropole, and in Brighton at the Hotel Metropole.

OXFORD.—MITRE HOTEL.
ONE OF THE MOST ECONOMICAL
FIRST-CLASS HOTELS IN THE KINGDOM.



NUDA VERITAS HAIR RESTORER.
What will Restore the HAIR OF YOUTH?
Nuda Veritas—Naked Truth.



ADAMS'S FURNITURE POLISH.
THE OLDEST AND BEST.
"The Queen" (the Lady's Newspaper) "has no hesitation in recommending it."
Sold by Grocers, Ironmongers, Oilmen, &c.
Manufactured by—SHEFFIELD.

ROWLANDS' ODONTO.
a pure, fragrant, non-gritty tooth powder;
WHITENS THE TEETH,
prevents decay, and sweetens the breath. Its antiseptic and antioxydant properties are most valuable for the preservation of the teeth and gums.
2s. 6d. per box. Sold everywhere.

LAISSEZ FAIRE.

(Inscription for a Free Public Library.)



HERE is an Institution doomed to scare
The furious devotees of *Laissez Faire*.
What mental shock, indeed, could prove immenser
To Mumbo Jumbo—or to HERBERT SPENCER?
Free Books? Reading provided from the Rates?
Oh, that means Freedom's ruin, and the State's!
Self-help's all right,—e'en if you rob a brother—
But human creatures must not help each other!
The "Self-made Man," whom SAMUEL SMILES so
Who on his fellows' necks his footing raises, (praises,
The systematic "Sweater," who sucks wealth
From toiling crowds by cunning and by stealth,—
He is all right, he has no maudlin twist,
He does not shock the Individualist!
But rate yourselves to give the poor free reading?
The Pelican to warm her nestlings bleeding,
Was no such monument of feeble folly.
Let folks alone, and all will then be jolly.
Let the poor perish, let the ignorant sink,
The tempted tumble, and the drunkard drink!
Let—no, don't let the low-born robber rob,
Because,—well, that would rather spoil the job.
If footpad-freedom brooked no interference,
Of Capital there might be a great clearance;
But, Wealth well-guarded, let all else alone.
'Tis thus our race hath to true manhood grown:
To make the general good the common care,
Breaks through the sacred law of *Laissez Faire*!

A REMONSTRANCE.

To Luke's Little Summer.

AN, Summer! now thy wayward race is run,
With soft, appeasing smiles thou com'st, like
one

Who keeps a pageant waiting all the day,
Till half the guests and all the joy is gone,
And hearts are heavy that awoke so gay.

What though the faithful trees, still gladly
green,
Show fretted depths of blue their boughs
between,

Though placid sunlight sleeps upon the
lawn,
It only tells us of what might have been
Of fickle favours wantonly withdrawn.

Blown with rude winds, and beaten down
with rain,
How can the roses dare to trust again
The tricky mistress whom they once
adored?

Even the glad heaven, chilled with stormy
stain,
Grudges its skylark pilgrims of its hoard.

Poor is the vintage that the wild bee quiffs,
When the tall simple lilies—the giraffes
That browse on loftier air than other
flowers—

When all the blooms, wherewith late Summer
laughs,
Like chidden children droop among the
bowers.

Of like a moorhen scuttling to the reeds,
The cricket-ball sped o'er the plashy meads,
And rainbow-blended blazers shrank and
ran

When showers, in mockery of his moist needs,
Half-drown'd the water-loving river man.

What woman's rights have crazed thee?
Would'st thou be
A Winter Amazon, more fierce than he?
Can Summer birds thy shrew-heroes sing?
Wilt tend no more the daisies on the lea,
Nor wake thy cowslips up on May morning?

What, shall we brew us possets by the fire
And let the wild rose shiver on the brier,
The cowslip tremble in the meadows chill,

While thy unlovely battle-call wails higher
And dusty squadrons charge adown the hill?

It is too late; thou art no love of mine;
I answer not this sigh, this kiss divine;
The sunlight penitently streaming down
Shines through the paling leaf like thinnest
wine

Quaff'd in the clear air of a mountain town.

Farewell! For old love's sake I kiss thy
hands;
Go on thy way; away to other lands
That love thee less, and need thee less than
we;

Pour out thy passion on some desert sands,
Forget thy lover of the Northern Sea.



Away with fond pretence; let winter come
With snow that strikes the heaviest footfall
dumb.

We know the worst, and face his rage with
glee;

And, though the world without be ne'er so
gloom,
Sit by the hearth, and dream and talk—of

Yes, come again with earliest April: stay,
Thyself once more, through the fair time
when day

Clasps hand with day, through the brief
hush of night—
A twilight bower of roses, where in play
Dance little maidens through from light to
light.

Birds of a Feather.

[Lord HAWKE's team of Cricketers were beaten
at Mannheim by the Philadelphians by eight wickets
whereat the *Philadelphia Ledger* cockadoes con-
siderably. The Britishers, however, won the return
match somewhat easily.]

THE Yankee Eagle well might squeal and
squawk (HAWKE.

At having licked the British bird (Lord)
But when that HAWKE his brood had "pulled
together,"

That Eagle found it yet might "moult a
Go it, ye friendly-fighting fowls! But know
'Tis only "Roosters" who o'er conquest crow!

HOME SWEET HOME!

(By one who believes there's no place like it.)

SWEET to return (for home the Briton hankers,
After an exile of two months or so,
Swiss or Italian). Sweet—to find your
Banker's
Balance getting low.

Sweet to return from Como or Sorrento,
Meshed in their shimmering net of drowsy
sheen,
Into a climate that you know not when to
Really call serene.

Sweet to return from
hostelries whose
waiters

Rush to fulfil your
slightest word or
whim,

Back to a cook who
passionately
caters [him].
Not for you, but

Sweet to return from
Table - d' Hôtes
disgusting

(Oh, how you grumbled at the *Sauce Ro-
maine*!)

Fresh to the filmy succulence incrusting
Solid joints again.

Sweet to return from Innkeepers demurely
Pricing your candle at a franc unshamed,
Back to a land where perquisites are surely
Never, never claimed.

Sweet to return from bargaining, disputing,
Pourboires and *Trinkgelds* grudgingly be-
stowed—

Unto the simple charioteers of Teoting,
Or the Cromwell Road.

Sweet to return from "all those dreadful
tourists,"

Such mixed society as chance allots,
E'en to the social splendour of the purists
Of those sparkling spots.

Sweet to return to bills and fogs and duty!
(Some of the latter at our Custom House)
Sweet, after smaller game, to hail the beauty
Of the British mouse!

Sweet too the sight of cockchafer; and
sweet'll

Welcome the pilgrim doomed too long to
roam, [bettle
England's tried sentinel, the black, black
With his "Home, sweet Home!"



LONDON'S DILEMMA; OR, "FAIR ROSAMOND" UP TO DATE.

(Lately-discovered Fragments of a valuable and interesting "Variant" of the old Ballad Story.)

WHENAS VICTORIA rulse this land,
The firste of that greate name,
Faire Loundonne, of the cockneyes lovde,
Attaynd to power and fame.

Most peerlesse was her splendoure founde,
Her favour, and her face;
Yet was there one thing marred her weale,
And wroughte her dire disgrace.

Her dower was all that showered golde,
Like Danae's, could her lende,
Yet dwelt she in the ogreish holde
Of fell and fearsome fiende.

Yea Loundonne Towne, faire Loundonne
Towne,

Her name was callèd so,
To whom the Witch Monopolie
Was known a deadly foe.

Now when ye Countie Councille woke,
And FARRER rose to fame,
With envious heart Monopolie
To Loundonne straightway came.

"Cast off from thee those schemes," said she,
"That greate and costlye bee,
And drinke thou up this deadlye cup,
Which I have brought to thee!"

"Take pity on my awkward plight!"
 Faire Loundonne she dyd crye,
 "And lett me not with poison stronge
 Enforced be to dye!"

Then out and laught that wicked Witch:
 "If that you will not drinke,
 This dagger choose! Though you be riche,
 You'll shrinke from *that*, I thinke."

The dagger was a magic blayde,
 With figures graven o'er,
 Which, as you gazed thereon, did seeme
 To growe to more and more.

"Nay," quoth the faire Loundonne, "'tis but
 choyce
 'Twixt dyvill and deepe sea!
 I praye thee take thyself awaye,
 And leave the jobbe to me!"

But nothyng could this grasping Witch
 Therewith appeased be.
 The cup of deadlye poison stronge,
 As she knelt on her knee,

She gave this comely dame to drinke,
 Who tooke it in her hande,
 Then from her bended knees arose,
 And on her feet did stande.

And casting Council-wards her eyes,
 She did for rescue call,

When—[*Fragments further may be founde,
 At presente thys is alle!*]

If close recherche, as welle we hope,
 Perchaunce complete ye texte,
 This ballade, as scribes saye, shall be
 "Continued in our next!"

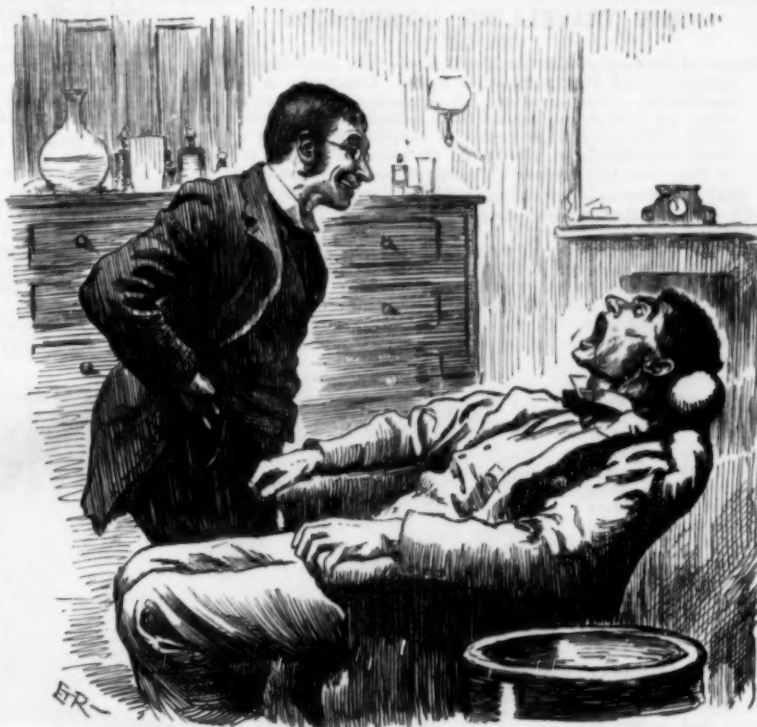
ADVERTISEMENT EXTRAORDINARY.

WANTED, a few good extra Judges, who will be prepared to do all the work at present delayed or neglected by the existing members of the Bench. They will be expected to dispense with all vacations except a week at Christmas, five days at Easter, and a fortnight from the first to the fifteenth of October. They will devote their entire time to the service of the State, both day and night. Their day will be devoted to business in the High Court of Justice in the Strand, and when required they will go Circuit (by



special express) sitting at the various assizes from 9 P.M. until 3 A.M., returning to London by trains timed to reach the Metropolis sufficiently early to allow of the usual morning sitting. They will be further required to consider their leisure (if any) entirely at the disposal of those members of the Bar and Solicitors who require it. If they do this punctually and diligently, without knocking up, they will be permitted to draw salaries computed at the rate of about one-third of the emoluments received by a third-rate Queen's Counsel; and if they grow lazy, or are incapacitated by illness, they will be rewarded by a number of personal attacks in the London newspapers. Applications to be sent to the Lord Chancellor (endorsed "Extra Judges to suppress outside clamour") as early as possible. Every candidate for an appointment will be expected to be as strong as a horse, and as insensible to feeling as the back of a rhinoceros.

Big Drinkers, Moderate Drinkers, and Little Drinkers—this is the Tiptle Alliance!



"WHEN A MAN DOES NOT LOOK HIS BEST."—No. 3.

WHEN HIS DENTIST WILL SUSPEND OPERATIONS TO TELL HIM FUNNY STORIES.

Gilbert à Beckett.

BORN, APRIL 7, 1837. DIED, OCT. 15, 1891.

"Wearing the white flower of a blameless life."

TENNYSON.

GILBERT the Good! Title, though high, well
 earned (burned)
 By him through whose rare nature brightly
 The fire of purity,
 Undimmed, unflickering, like some altar flame
 Sky-pointing ever. Friend, what thought of
 Hath coldest heart for thee? [blame]

A knightly-priest or priestly-knight wert
 thou,
 Man of the radiant eye and reverent brow;
 Chivalry closely knit
 With fervent faith in thee indeed were blent;
 Thought upon high ideals still intent,
 And a most lambent wit.

Serene, though with a power of seathing scorn
 For all things mean or base. Sorrow long
 borne,

Though bowing, soured not thee,
 Bereaved, health-broken, still that patient
 smile

Wreathed the pale lips which never greed or
 Shaped to hypocrisy.

A saintly-hearted wit, a satirist pure,
 Mover of mirth spontaneous as sure,
 And innocent as mad;
 Incongruous freak and frolic phantasy
 Were thy familiar spirits, quickening glee
 And wakening laughter glad.

Dainty as *Ariel*, yet as *Puck* profuse [use
 Of the "preposterous," was that wit, whose
 Was ever held "within

The limits of becoming mirth." His whim
 Never shy delicacy's glance could dim,
 Or move the cynic grin.

But that fate's hampering hand lay on him
 long
 He might have won in drama and in song
 A more enduring name.

But he is gone, the gentle, loyal, just,
 Whence all these things fall earthward with
 the dust
 Of fleeting earthly fame.

Gone from our board, gone from the home he
 loved!
 With what compassion are his comrades
 moved

For those who sit alone
 With memories of him! Gracious memories
 all!

A thought to lighten, like that flower, his
 pall,
 And hush love's troubled moan.

Farewell, fine spirit! To be owned thy friend
 Was something to illumine the unwelcome end
 Of comradeship below.

A loving memory long our board will grace,
 In fancy, with that sweet ascetic face.
 That brow's benignant glow.

Rhyme at Rhyl.

(By a Listening Layman.)

If Cleric Congresses could only care
 A little less for the mere Church and Steeple,
 Parochial pomp and power in lion's share,
 And have one aim—to purify the People,
 They need not shrink from Disestablishment,
 Or any other secular enormity;
 Unselfish love of Man destroys Dissent,
 True Charity provokes no Nonconformity.

THE TRAVELLING COMPANIONS.

No. XI.

SCENE—A Balcony outside the Musik-Saal of the Inael Hotel, Constance. Miss PRENDERGAST is seated; CULCHARD is leaning against the railing close by. It is about nine; the moon has risen, big and yellow, behind the mountains at the further end of the lake; small black boats are shooting in and out of her track upon the water; the beat of the steamers' paddles is heard as they come into harbour. CULCHARD has just proposed.

Miss Prendergast (after a silence). I have always felt very strongly with RUSKIN, that no girl should have the cruelty to refuse a proposal—

Culchard (with alacrity). RUSKIN is always so right. And—er—where there is such complete sympathy in tastes and ideas, as I venture to think exists in our own case, the cruelty would—

Miss P. Pray allow me to finish! "Refuse a proposal at once" is RUSKIN's expression. He also says (if my memory does not betray me), that "no lover should have the insolence to think of being accepted at once." You will find the passage somewhere in "Fors."

Culch. (whose jaw has visibly fallen). I cannot say I recall it at this moment. Does he hold that a lover should expect to be accepted by—er—instalments, because, if so—

Miss P. I think I can quote his exact words. "If she simply doesn't like him, she may send him away for seven years—"

Culch. (stiffly). No doubt that course is open to her. But why seven, and where is he expected to go?

Miss P. (continuing calmly). "He vowing to live on cresses and wear sackcloth meanwhile, or the like penance."

Culch. I feel bound to state at once that, in my own case, my position at Somerset House would render anything of that sort utterly impracticable.

Miss P. Wait, please,—you are so impetuous. "If she likes him a little,"—(CULCHARD'S brow relaxes)—"or thinks she might come to like him in time, she may let him stay near her,"—(CULCHARD makes a movement of relief and gratitude)—"putting him always on sharp trial, and requiring, figuratively, as many lion-skins or giants' heads as she thinks herself worth."

Culch. (grimly). "Figuratively" is a distinct concession on RUSKIN's part. Still, I should be glad to know—

Miss P. If you will have a little more patience, I will make myself clear. I have always determined that when the—ah—occasion presented itself, I would deal with it on Ruskinian principles. I propose in your case—presuming of course that you are willing to be under vow for me—to adopt a middle course.

Culch. You are extremely good. And what precise form of—er—penance did you think of?

Miss P. The trial I impose is, that you leave Constance to-morrow—with Mr. PODBURY.

Culch. (firmly). If you expect me to travel for seven years with him, permit me to mention that I simply cannot do it. My leave expires in three weeks.

Miss P. I mentioned no term, I believe. Long before three weeks are over we shall meet again, and I shall be able to see how you have borne the test. I wish you to correct, if possible, a certain intolerance in your attitude towards Mr. PODBURY. Do you accept this probation, or not?

Culch. I—ah—suppose I have no choice. But you really must allow me to say that it is not precisely the reception I anticipated. Still, in your service, I am willing to endure even PODBURY—for a strictly limited period; that I do stipulate for.

Miss P. That, as I have already said, is quite understood. Now go and arrange with Mr. PODBURY.

Culch. (to himself, as he retires). It is most unsatisfactory; but at least PODBURY is disposed of!

The same Scene, a quarter of an hour later. PODBURY and Miss PRENDERGAST.

Podbury (with a very long face). No, I say, though! RUSKIN doesn't say all that?

Miss P. I am not in the habit of misquoting. If you wish to verify the quotation, however, I daresay I could find you the reference in *Fors Clavigera*.

Podb. (ruefully). Thanks—I won't trouble you. Only it does seem rather rough on fellows, don't you know. If everyone went on his plan—well, there wouldn't be many marriages! Still, I never

thought you'd say "Yes" right off. It's like my cheek, I know, to ask you at all; you're so awfully clever and that. And if there's a chance for me, I'm game for anything in the way of a trial. Don't make it stiffer than you can help, that's all!

Miss P. All I ask of you is to leave me for a short time, and go and travel with Mr. CULCHARD again.

Podb. Oh, I say, Miss PRENDERGAST, you know. Make it something else. Do!

Miss P. That is the task I require, and I can accept no other. It is nothing, after all, but what you came out here to do.

Podb. I didn't know him then, you see. And what made me agree to come away with him at all is beyond me. It was all HUGHIE ROSE's doing—he said we should get on together like blazes. So we have—very like blazes!

Miss P. Never mind that. Are you willing to accept the trial or not?

Podb. If you only knew what he's like when he's nasty, you'd let me off—you would, really. But there, to please you, I'll do it. I'll stand him as long as ever I can—'pon my honour I will. Only you'll make it up to me afterwards, won't you now?

Miss P. I will make no promises—a true knight should expect no reward for his service, Mr. PODBURY.

Podb. (blankly). Shouldn't he? I'm a little new to the business, you see, and it does strike me—but never mind. When am I to trot him off?

Miss P. As soon as you can induce him to go—to-morrow, if possible.

Podb. I don't believe he'll go, you know, for one thing!

Miss P. (demurely). I think you will find him open to persuasion. But go and try, Mr. PODBURY.

Podb. (to himself, as he withdraws). Well, I've let myself in for a nice thing! Rummet way of treating a proposal I ever heard of. I should just like to tell that fellow RUSKIN what I think of his precious ideas. But there's one thing, though—she can't care about CULCHARD, or she wouldn't want him carted off like this... Hooray, I never thought of that before! Why, there he is, dodging about to find out how I've got on. I'll tackle him straight off.

[CULCHARD and PODBURY meet at the head of the staircase, and speak at the same moment.]



"It does seem rather rough on fellows, don't you know,"

Culch. Er—PODBURY it has occurred to me that we might—

Podb. I say, *CULCHARD*, we really leave this place to-morrow!

Podb. Hullo! we're both of one mind for once, eh? (*To himself.*) Poor old beggar! Got the sack! That explains a lot. Well, I won't tell him anything about this business just now.

Culch. So it appears. (*To himself.*) Had his *quietus*, evidently. Ah, well, I won't exult over him.

[*They go off together to consult a time-table.*]

Miss P. (*on the balcony, musing.*) Poor fellows! I couldn't very well say anything more definite at present. By the time I see them again, I may understand my own heart better. Really, it is rather an exciting sensation, having two suitors under vow and doing penance at the same time—and all for my sake! I hope, though, they won't mention it to one another—or to Bon. Bos does not understand these things, and he might—But, after all, there are only two of them. And *RUSKIN* distinctly says that every girl who is worth anything ought always to have half-a-dozen or so. Two is really quite moderate.

A TOO-ENGAGING MAIDEN'S REPLY.

(*By Mr. Punch's kind permission.*)

YES, I read your effusion that lately got printed, And at first never guessed there was anything meant. But when someone suggested that something was hinted, On your verses some time I reluctantly spent.

They are fair—and perhaps you consider them clever,

You're a poet, no doubt, of a *minor* degree, But I never was startled so strangely—no, never!

As to learn that the lady you mentioned was In the coolest of ways you sum up my attractions,

Pray allow me to turn my attention to you. You are good, I believe, at the vulgarest fractions,

You have cheek and assurance sufficient for You are what people reckon "a nice sort of fellow."

Your sense of importance very strongly you You are bilious, you've got a complexion of yellow,

You are plainer than I am—which says a "Am I free altogether from blame in the matter?"

And as to my frowning, I don't know the Do you really imagine that insolent chatter

Can affect me, or that I care for what people say?

With fervent adorers around by the dozen,

For whom but my word is the law of their life,

Do you think I'd occasion to pitch on a cousin,

And announce that you wanted myself as your wife?

Do not think I am angry, I am good at forgiving, Have my constant refusals then made you so sour?

Even poets in *Punch* have to write for their living, And must wear their poor lives out at so much the hour.

I am weary and tired of being proposed to, And at times I'm afraid it will injure my brain,

But my heart for the future yourself, mind, is closed to, So don't, I implore, come proposing again.

A REAL BURNING QUESTION.—What should be done with the mischievous and malicious noodles who communicate false alarms (to the number of 518 in one year) to the London Fire Brigade, by means of the fire-alarm posts fixed for public convenience and protection in the public thoroughfares? The almost appropriate Stake is out of date, but *Mr. Punch* opines that the Pillory would be none too bad for them.

THE BULL, THE BEAR, AND THE OXUS.—Russia, it is asserted, "intends to annex the whole of the elevated plateaus known as the Pamirs, and all parts of Afghanistan north of a straight line drawn from Lake Victoria to the junction of the Kotcha River with the Oxus." JOHN BULL might say, "I should like to Kotcha at it!"

SOME LONDON "FIENDS."

(*How to Exorcise, after reading Correspondence on the subject in several "Dailies."*)

The "Walking-stick and Umbrella Fiend."

PROVIDE yourself with a steel-plated umbrella (carriage size), with a "non-conducting" handle. When open in a shower, where people are hurrying, let the framework bristle with sharp penknife points. Held firmly in front of you, you will find everyone get out of your way.

In entering a crowded omnibus or railway carriage, by touching a knob, let the heat generated by the electric current instantly cause the whole to become "red-hot." Dexterously moved about in front of you, you will find this a most thoroughly protecting weapon, clearing instantly a large space on each side of you, and even sometimes involving the summoning of the conductor or guard, with a view to your removal either to another compartment, or even a general request for your expulsion from the vehicle altogether. This may lead possibly to your enjoyment of an entire compartment to yourself; for, of course, you will point out that you cannot be expected to travel without your umbrella, which, after all, happens merely to be constructed on a newly-patented principle.

The "Hansom Cab Fiend."

This is easily overcome. You have merely to employ an agent to purchase a second-hand steam-roller for you, put in a high-pressure boiler, and the thing is done. With practice, you can easily get eight miles an hour out of one of these excellent machines, and you will find a general indifference as to the rule of the road, especially if you turn a corner or two at a stiff pace, act as a capital "road-clearer." Even the smartest butcher's cart will do its best to get out of your way when it sees you coming.

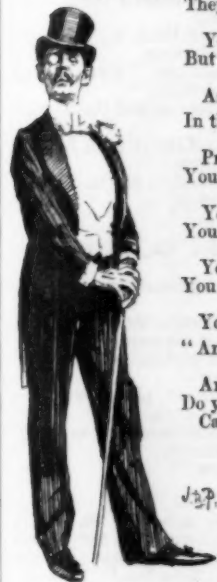
The "Piano Organ, German Band, and General Street Music Fiend."

Get (your best way is through a friend at the Admiralty) several fog-horns rejected by the Department on account of their excessive and unbearable shrillness. Whenever any sort of street music commences at either end of your street,

turn on, by an apparatus specially arranged in your area, the full force of the above. This will not only overpower your would-be tormentors, but bring every householder in the neighbourhood to his street-door begging you to desist. You have merely to say, "When they stop, I turn off," to get them to comprehend the situation. It may possibly lead to the intervention of the police, probably in some force; but the net result will be that you will, for that morning, at least, enjoy a quiet street.

There are other London fiends removable by various measures, concerning which much might be said if they were not actionable.

"GRATITUDE—A SENSE OF FAVOURS TO COME."—*MR. SWINBURNE* unexpectedly says a good word for the much be-mocked *BOWDLER*. "No man (he says), ever did better service to *SHAKESPEARE* than the man who made it possible to put him into the hands of intelligent and imaginative children." Can *MR. SWINBURNE* be "proticipating" the period when another *BOWDLER* may be called upon to do a similar "service" for the author of *Poems and Ballads*?



PORTRAIT OF A GENTLEMAN
"BREAKING IN" HIS SHOOT-
ING-BOOTS.



FRENCH AND ENGLISH.

(As zey are Spoke at ze Country 'Ouse.)

Hostess. "OH—EE—J'ESPAIR KER VOOS AVVY TROOVY VOTRE—VOTRE—ER—ER—VOTRE COLLAR STUD, BARRONG?"

M. le Baron. "OH, I ZANK YOU, YES! I FIND 'EEM ON MY CHEST OF TROWSERS!"

"AFTER YOU!"

"I am sure I may say, on behalf of all those whose names are mentioned (for the Leadership of the House of Commons), that we do not understand what selfishness is in the Public Service. Everyone of us would prefer that someone else should hold that high and honourable office."—Sir M. Hicks-Beach at Stockton-on-Tees.

Eminent official Altruist loquitor:—

OH, is there such a vice as unholy love of self. In the Public Service, too? 'Tis a thing I can't believe.

If I thought we could be moved by the love of power or pelf, [greatly grieve.

To compete for premier office I should very But oh no, oh deary no! I am sure it can't be so. [course it isn't true.

We don't even "understand it," so of When we're called upon to go, each will say, all louting low,

"After you!"

We are not "competitive," like those naughty goddesses [pine-clad peak. Who poor Paris fluttered so upon Ida's

Of his "choice"—through selfishness—that young shepherd made a mess,

But our Shepherd, SALISBURY, will not be so wildly weak;

And our claims we shall not urge to compulsion's very verge.

On the contrary each one thinks that "another" best will do.

"No, loved comrade" (each will say) "let me make my 'splendid splurge' 'After you!'"

Look at GOSCHEN! Can't you see he regards with perfect glee

The prospect of promotion of his faithful friend BALFOUR.

He doesn't want to lead. Ah no, indeed, indeed!

Do you think that off friend ARTHUR JOACHIM can wish to score?

Upon the Treasury Bench did he ever try to trench

On the province of the Leader for the time, no matter who?

He would cry, "Dear ARTHUR, No! from priority I blench," "After you!"

Then bland BALFOUR in his turn such crude selfishness would spurn

As the wish to prove himself popular more than soft J. G.,

With a most becoming blush his pale cheek, I'm sure, would burn,

If his uncle should cry, "Come, nephew dear, and second me!"

He would hint at nepotism, and the chance of secret schism.

"Let the mild ex-Liberal lead, I will be his henchman true!"

He would cry, with selfless joy on his brow like a pure chrisom,

"After you!"

And as for simple Me! Oh, it's utter fiddle-de-dee

To suppose that I possess, or desire, the least look in.

No, selfishness, my friends, we unitedly agree In Party life is just the unpardonable sin,

Which "we do not understand," like that other little game

That AH-SIN, reluctant, played, with some small success 'tis true.

But we've no sleeve-hidden card as we cry, with modest shame,

"After you!"

WHAT'S IN A NAME?—The *St. James's Gazette* says:—"There are forty-seven divorces in the United States for every one in the United Kingdom." Evidently "United" is something more than anagrammatically identical with "Untied."

"GRAY'S ELEGY" AMENDED.

"I have often thought that GRAY's *Elegy* was defective in having no verse commemorative of the sequestered and unsophisticated philanthropy of the village doctor."—Sir James Crichton-Browne at the Yorkshire College, Leeds.]

AND one lies here of whom the scoffer said, He did his best the green churchyard to fill;

None ever looks upon his lowly bed, Without the recollection of a pill.

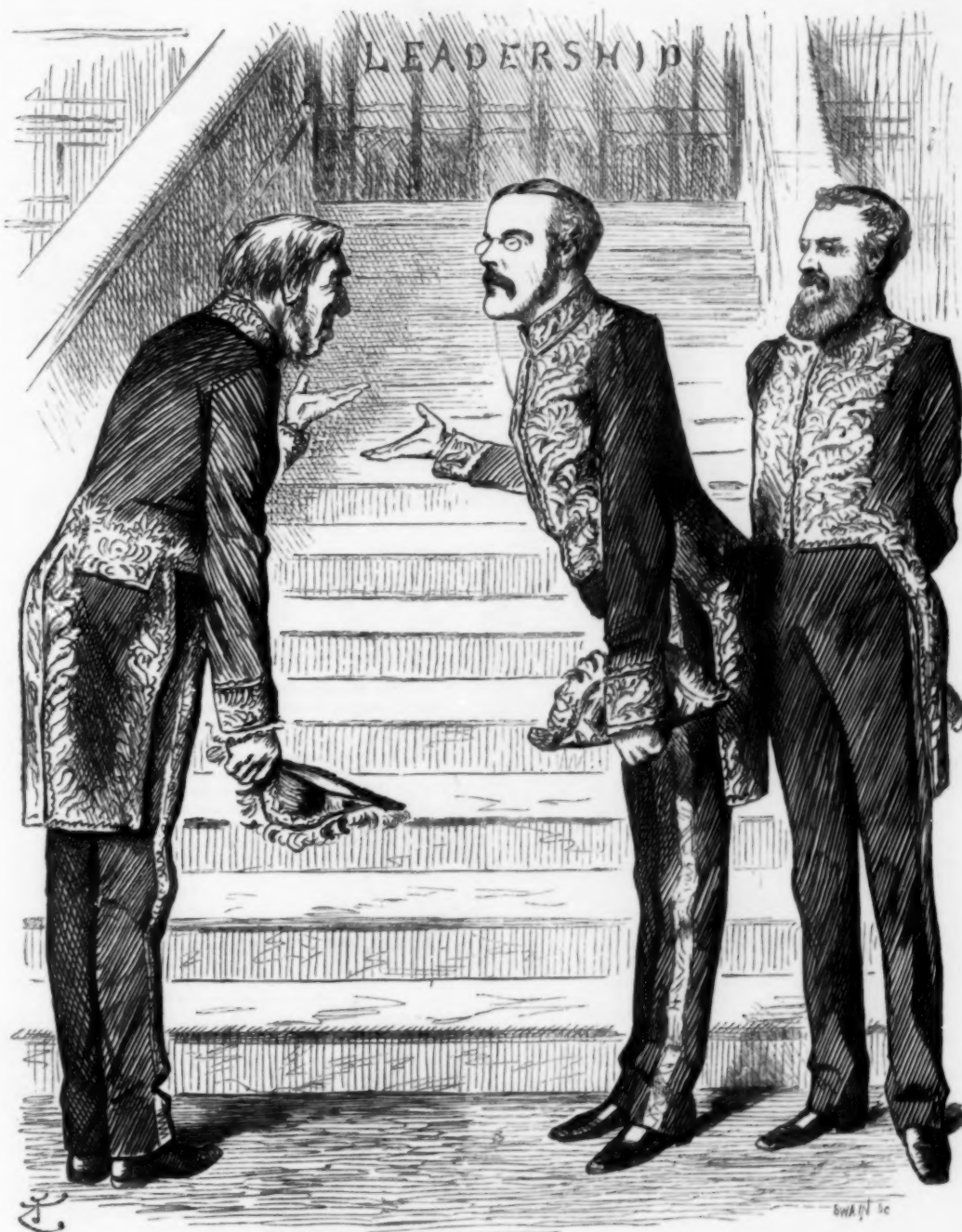
He lived sequestered, and he died unknown, A truly unsophisticated man;

A medicine-glass adorns his humble stone, And thus the epitaph they graved him ran:

"Here Doctor BOLUS lies, to dose no more; His charge was moderate, but quite enough;

Death left a last prescription at the door, And then the doctor had his 'Quantum

suff."



"AFTER YOU!"

"HE BELIEVED THAT EVERYONE OF THEM WOULD PREFER THAT SOMEONE ELSE SHOULD HOLD THAT HIGH AND HONOURABLE OFFICE."—SIR MICHAEL HICKS-BEACH *at Stockton-on-Tees.*

HARRYING OUR HAKIMS.

[A medical journal suggests that all candidates for Medical Degrees should be required to give proof of good handwriting, in order to put an end to indistinct prescriptions.]

A FEW additional requirements, we believe, have been under consideration, of which the following are a sample:—

All candidates for the M.B. Degree to be able to count up to fifty. Candidates who are more than fifty not to count.

Nobody to become a Member of the Royal College of Surgeons until he has mastered Simple Addition and Compound Fractions.

Members of the Royal College of Physicians will henceforth be expected to know their Weights (with boots off) and Measures (round the waist). Troy weight only. "Scruples" not allowed. Good knowledge of Multiplication Table indispensable for dispensers.

No candidate to be accepted for a Degree unless he either has a good "bed-side manner," or undertakes to develop one as soon as possible.

Any candidate to be at once ploughed unless he can answer all the following questions:—

1. What would you do if asked to hold a consultation with a practitioner whom you have every reason to suppose an incapable quack?
2. If a good paying patient, suffering from no ailment whatever, called you in with a view to getting a week's holiday at the seaside by medical orders, how would you reconcile a desire to oblige that pardonable weakness with a strict regard for veracity?
3. When the parents of a large family, who do their duty manfully by calling you in about twice a week, and from whom therefore you derive a not inconsiderable proportion of your income, object to have an infant vaccinated at the proper time, because they erroneously consider it to be unfit for the operation, which would you feel inclined to strain—friendship, or the law?
4. Do you believe in Influenza?
5. Have you ever seen a Microbe?
6. "In the multitude of visits there is safety." Comment on this declaration. How many visits do you think a common catarrh will support? Give reasons.
7. What is the etiquette about Red Lamps?

"HORSE AND 'RYDER.'"—Last week, on the 15th, as was reported in the *Globe*, and elsewhere, "a humble crossing-sweeper," named RYDER, stopped a runaway cab-horse (a great rarity this, too) just as he was about to descend headlong the steps of the Duke of York's column, and so saved the two passengers, who, we hope, in consideration of what he has done for *their* lives, have settled something handsome upon him for *his* life. If not, the proposition is here made, and after the prop comes the RYDER.

GHOSTLY COUNSEL.—Prizes are being offered for "Good Ghost Stories." This may mean *Stories of Good Ghosts*; but supplying the hyphen and supposing that the requirement is for "Good Ghost-stories," then Mr. Punch makes a present of a good title to any sanguine amateur who may compete. Let him call his story, "A Ghost of a Chance." And Mr. Punch wishes he may get it!

PENNY FOOLISH.—Somebody has published a penny *A B C of Theosophy*. To the appeal of this Occult A B C the enlightened public will probably be D E F.

"QUI DORT, DINE," ET "QUI DINE, DORT."—A man who "goes nap" at dinner, is pretty safe to go nap immediately after it.



WATER V. WINE.

"HOLD! ENOUGH!"

ONLY FANCY!

(From Mr. Punch's Own Rumourists.)

It is not generally known that the Emperor of RUSSIA visited London the other day on his way to Paris, where he is to hold an important secret conference with the President of the Republic and M. BLOWITZ. His Imperial Majesty's disguise was complete, consisting as it did of an aquiline nose of considerable size, and a second-hand gaberdine of primitive cut. He visited the principal Music Halls of the Metropolis and left by the last train for Surbiton, where his private yacht was in waiting to convey him to Marseilles, and so on to Paris by the new French canal system.

Monaco has adhered to the Triple Alliance. The negotiations thus brought to a successful issue, have been for a long time in progress. Obligations of honour, which no longer exist, have hitherto compelled me, as your Correspondent, to keep secret the fact that amongst the *croupiers* of the *trente-et-quarante* tables at the Casino for the past three months have been the Chancellors of the German and Austrian Empires, and the MARCHESI DI RUDINI, who, thus disguised, carried out their delicate mission to the Court of Monaco. By this post I send you the draft treaty by which Monaco engages, in the event of war, to furnish a completely equipped contingent of ten men.

THE BARON DE BOOK-WORMS arrived in town yesterday afternoon and transacted business at his office in Bouverie Street, afterwards returning to his country seat at Stow-in-the-Wold.

BROWNING SOCIETY VERSES.

[Dr. FURNIVALL announces that the Browning Society is about to be dissolved.]

HARK! 'tis the knell of the Browning Society,
Wind-bags are bursting all round us to-day;
FURNIVALL fails, and for want of his diet he
Pines like a love-stricken maiden away.

Long has he fed upon cackle and platitude,
FURNIVALL sauce to a dish full of dearth,
Still, in the favourite FURNIVALL attitude,
Grubbing about like a mole in the earth.

Now must he vanish, the mole-hills are flat again,
(Follies grow fewer it seems by degrees);
Lovers of BROWNING may laugh and grow fat again,
Rid of the jargon of Furnivallese.

NEW AND OLD TERMS.—"Slate, Slite, Slote, Slitten," is the title of an amusing article in the *Saturday Review*, on the derivation of the verb "to slate." How "slote" comes in is not quite evident, but that when the pages of a dull book are "slitten" by the paper-knife, it will be read and slated by a critic, and then "slited" (or "alighted") by the public, is quite sufficient without "putting a penny in the 'slote,'" on the chance of getting something better.

SO LIKE HIM!—Tuesday last week was the seventieth birthday of Professor VIRCHOW. He has refused all titles and emoluments, observing that "VIRCHOW is its own reward."

VERY POP-ULAR!—Through the *Times* came the information that, since the famine, the Russian Officers have given up drinking champagne. Their conduct is really quite *Magnuminus*!



"GRANDOLPH AD LEONES."

"ADSCRIPTUS GLEBÆ."

[“He (Mr. GOSCHEN) was in favour of giving the agricultural labourer every opportunity of becoming more attached to the soil.”—*Mr. Goschen at Cambridge.*]

ATTACHED to the soil! Pretty optimist phrase!
We are so, and have been, from *Gurth's* simpler days,
Though now platform flowers of speech—pleasant joke!—
May wreath the serf's ring till men scarce see the yoke.
Attached to the soil! The soil clings to our souls!
Young labour's scant guerdon, cold charity's doles,
The crow-scarer's pittance, the poor-house's aid
All smell of it! Tramping with boots thickly clayed
From brown field or furrow, or lowered at last
In our special six-feet by the sexton up-cast,
We smack of the earth, till we earthy have grown,
Like the mound that Death gives us—best friend—for our own.
We tramp it, we delve it, we plough it, this soil,
And a grave is the final reward of our toil.
Attached? The attachment of love is one thing,
The attachment of profit another. *Gurth's* ring
Is our form of attachment at bottom, Sir, still,
And to favour that bond HODGE doubts not your good will.
But when others talk of improving our lot
By possession of more than a burial plot,
By pay for our toil, and by balm for our troubles,
You ban all such prospects as “radiant bubbles.”
Declare “under-currents of plunder” run through
All plans for our aid save those favoured by you.
Attached to the soil! Ah! how many approve
That attachment, when founded on labour and love!
But about “confiscation” they chatter and fuss
At all talk of attaching the soil to poor us!

FREE AND INDEPENDENT.

SCENE—*Manager's Room of the Ideal Theatre.*

Present—*Committee of Taste.*

Manager. Now, you fellows, I think we have settled what to do next. Carry out the notion of an afternoon performance of the Ideal Drama. We have got the moderate guarantee, and the good stock company, and hope to receive the co-operation of the leading artists from other theatres. Isn't that so?

Auditor. Yes, I can answer for the moderate guarantee—about £20—in the bank.

Stage Manager. And the good stock company was imported early this morning from Ireland. All very good Shakespearian actors with a taste of a brogue to give their remarks pungency.

Manager. That's all right. And what is the play?

First Member of the Committee of Taste. “*Demons*,” by the Master.

Second Ditto. No, let us have something newer. Why not an adaptation (by myself) of that charming work by SODALA—I call it *Blood and Thunder*?

Manager (producing halfpenny). By the rules of the Company we toss for it. (Throws up coin.) Heads!—*Blood and Thunder* wins. We will do *Blood and Thunder*. Well, now as to casting it. Anything for IRVING in it?

Second Mem. Oh, yes—if he would play it. A Policeman who dies by cutting his throat in Scene 1. Not the sort of part he usually selects, but capital.

First Mem. It is not for Mr. IRVING to pick and choose, it is the cause of Art we serve.

Second Mem. Well, yes. We might telephone and learn his views on the subject. (Subordinate takes instructions.)

Manager. All right! Ah, here we have the piece! Rather long, but the parts seem mild enough. Who's to do this soldier—a sort of heavy dragoon, with a cold, who dies in the First Scene of the Second Act?

Second Mem. Oh, anybody! KENDAL or FARREN; or if they can't, then HARE or LIONEL BROUGH.

Manager. But do you think they will like it? You see they each have their line, and—

First Mem. In the cause of Art they will be prepared to do anything. At least, they ought to be.

Manager. Well, we will telephone to them too. (Subordinate takes further instructions.) And now, how about the Ladies?

Second Mem. Oh, there are a lot of school-girls, and a woman who



MODEST AMBITION.

The Squire (to his Eldest Son, just home from the 'Varsity). “WELL, MY BOY, AND WHAT HAVE YOU SETTLED TO BE?”

The Squire's Son. “JUST A PLAIN COUNTRY GENTLEMAN LIKE YOU, FATHER!”

dies by degrees of general paralysis. The girls, of course will be all right with—say, Miss EMERY, Miss LINDEN, Miss ALMA MURRAY, and Mrs. KENDAL. But we want two people to play the woman. First Act, Miss ELLEN TERRY; second and third, Miss GENEVIEVE WARD. To be properly played, both should be in it.

Manager. But how will that do? I do not think that Miss TERRY will care to—

First Mem. Nonsense! She is a most charming person, and will do anything in the cause of Art.

Subordinate (returning from telephone). Beg pardon, Gentlemen, but Messrs. KENDAL, FARREN, BROUGH and HARE say they are very sorry, but they are not at home; and Mr. IRVING presents his compliments, and would be delighted to do what we wish, but he fears he will be otherwise engaged. However, he says you have his sympathy, and his heart goes out to you. [Exit.]

Manager. Well, what shall we do?

Second Mem. Oh, there's VEZIN, and TERRIS, and PAULTON, and a heap more!

Subordinate (returning). Just heard from the Ladies, Gentlemen, and they send their kindest regards, but they are out too!

Acting Manager (entering). Well, how about the performance?

Members of the Council (together). Oh, it's nearly arranged!

Acting Man. Well, if I might suggest, as a person of considerable experience, it doesn't matter a jot whether you get a company together or not.

Members (as before). Why?

Acting Man. Because you won't get an audience!

[Scene closes in upon further consultation.]

Theosophic Tools.

(By an Opponent of Occultism.)

THE Theosophic Boom, its wordy strife
And futile fuss are fading out in “fizzle.”
They talk a deal about their “planes of life,”
’Tis plain to me the fitter term were “chisel.”

POPULAR SONGS RE-SUNG:

OR, MISS BOWDLER AT THE MUSIC HALLS.

"A nod is as good as a wink to a blind horse," says the old saw, and a wink is no doubt as good as a smile to a purblind ass. But the wink is indeed one of the worst uses to which the human eye can be put. It signifies usually the vulgarisation of humour, and the degradation of mirth. It is the favourite eye-language of the cynical cad, the coarse jester, the crapulous clown, and—above all—the chuckling cheat.

It must be admitted, that the Muse of the Music Hall—in her Momus mood—has a strong leaning towards the glorification of cynical 'cuteness of the *Autolycus* sort. It is a weakness which she seems to share with party scribes and Colonial politicians. If she had any classic leanings, which she has not, her favourite deity would be Mercury, the "winking Cyllenian Argophont" of the Homeric Hymn, the "little cradled rogue," the Apollo-cheating babe, "the lord of those who swindle, house-break, sheep-steal and shop-lift," under whom *Autolycus* prided himself upon having been "littered." *Autolycus's* complacent self-gratulation, "How bless'd are we that are not simple men!" would appeal to the heart of the Music-hall votary. "Ha, ha! what a fool Honesty is! and Trust his sworn brother, a very simple gentleman" is, virtually, the burthen of dozens of the most favourite of the Music-hall ditties.



Sly-scheming Hermes "winked" knowingly at Jupiter when he was "pitching his yarn" about the stolen oxen, and Jupiter "according to his wont,"

"Laughed heartily to hear the subtle witted Infant give such a plausible account, And every word a lie."

So the Music-hall Muse "winks" knowingly, and knavishly, at her audience, and her audience "laugh heartily," in Jovian guffaws, at her winks. What wonder then that she should lyrically apostrophise "The Wink" in laudatory numbers?

"Say, boys, now is it quite the thing?" she cries in sham deprecation, but all the while she "winks the other eye" in a way her hearers quite un-

derstand. "Cabby knows his fare," and the Music-hall Muse knows her clients. What, we wonder, would be her reception did she really carry out her ironically pretended protest and sing to the chuckling cads who applaud her, the following version of her favourite lay?

No. II.—THE WINK OF ROGUERY'S EYE.

AIR—"Wink the Other Eye."

SAY, boys, whatever do men mean
When they wink the other eye?
Why, when "sharps" say the world is "green,"
Do they wink the other eye?
The Radicals and Tories both tell stories, not a few,
About Measures falsely promised, and reforms long overdue;
And when the simple Mob believes that every word is true,
Then they—wink the other eye!

Chorus.—Say, boys, now is it quite the thing!
Say, should we let them have their fling?
Ah, when they get us "on a string"
Then they wink the other eye!

Say, boys are Leaders to be loved,
When they wink the other eye?
By artful speech the Mob is moved,
Till it winks the other eye;
The optic Wink 's the language of the sly and sordid soul,
The mute freemasonry of Fraud, sign-post to Roguery's goal.
When Circe sees her votaries swine ready in sludge to roll
Then she winks the other eye!

Chorus.—Say, boys, is it so fine a thing,
Low Cunning, which Cheat's laureates sing,
The Comus of the Mart and Ring,
Who—winks the other eye?

Say, boys, is Cunning's promise good,
When she winks the other eye?
Noddledom seeks her neighbourhood,
And winks its other eye.

For no one winks so freely as a fool who *thinks* he's sly;
The dupe of deeper knavery smirks in shallow mimicry
Of the smirking JERRY DIDDLE who is sucking him so dry,
And who winks the other eye.

Chorus.—Say, boys, now is the Wink a thing
Worthy of worship; will you fling
Your caps in air for the Knave-King
Who—winks the other eye?

The Politician plucks his geese,
Then he winks the other eye.
Brazen Fraud steals Trade's Golden Fleece,
Then he winks the other eye.

Autolycus pipes ballads; public pockets are his aim;
Rabagas raves of "liberty"; advancement is his game;
And when their dupes aren't looking all these rogues do just
the same,
They—wink the other eye!

Chorus.—Say, boys, peans will you sing
To winking harpies all a-wing
To prey on fools; who steal, and sting,
And—wink the other eye?

Wisdom may smile, but Cunning can't,
She winks the other eye.
Humour shall chortle, Mockery shan't,
She winks the other eye.

The stars above us twinkle and the dew beneath us blink,
All the eyes of Nature sparkle, and from merriment do not shrink,
The Language of the Eye of Cynic Knavery is—the Wink!
Roguery "winks the other eye!"

Chorus.—Say, boys, is it quite the thing?
"Duedame" * to fools the Diddlers sing;
Trust me 'tis Rascoals in a Ring
Who wink the other eye!

* *Amiens*. What's that "duedame"?
Jaques. 'Tis a Greek invocation to call fools into a circle.
"As You Like It," Act II., Sc. 5.

THE EVOLUTION OF TOMMY'S PRIVATE-SCHOOL REPORT.

1. *A rough draught, written by the under-master, who certainly has had rather a trying week with TOMMY.*

"I am unable to speak highly of either his intelligence or his industry; but occasionally he works well, and has undoubtedly made some progress this term. His conduct is not always good."

2. *Second rough draught; TOMMY in the meantime has missed a repetition and accidentally knocked down the black-board.*

"Exceptionally stupid and idle. Cannot be said to have made any progress whatever this term, although he has had every effort made with him. His conduct is abominable, noisy and unruly in the extreme."

3. *Fair copy to be submitted to the principal; of course, TOMMY had not intended to be overheard when he spoke of the under-master as "Old Pig-face," but this is the result.*

"A more idle and utterly worthless boy it has never been my misfortune to teach. Seems to have gone steadily backward all the term. Is most objectionable in his manners, and has no sense of honour."

4. *Fair copy, as amended by the principal; how was TOMMY to know that stone would break the conservatory window, and drive the principal to alter the report to this?*

"Would be better suited in a reformatory than in a school of this standing. Utterly depraved, vicious and idle, with marked criminal instincts. In intellect verges on the imbecile. Unless there is a marked improvement next term, I cannot keep him."

5. *Principal's final copy; it was fortunate that TOMMY happened to remark that he had four cousins who were, perhaps, coming next term. One can't lose four pupils, even if it makes it necessary to write like this.*

"A singularly bright and high-spirited boy; a little given to mischief, as all boys are, but quite amenable to discipline. My assistant speaks most highly of his progress this term, and of his general intelligence. He seems well suited by our system. His conduct is, on the whole, admirable. He is truthful and conscientious."

COUPLET BY A CYNIC.

"POETRY does not sell!" cry plaintive pleaders.
Alas! most modern Poetry does—its readers!

NOTICE.—Rejected Communications or Contributions, whether MS., Printed Matter, Drawings, or Pictures of any description, will in no case be returned, not even when accompanied by a Stamped and Addressed Envelope, Cover, or Wrapper. To this rule there will be no exception.

CURIOUS OLD HIGHLAND WHISKIES

Age . . . 7 10 15 & 25 years in wood.
Bottle per doz. 48/- 60/- 72/- 120/-
An eminent Medical Authority, in recommending the moderate use of Whisky, states that on no account should Whisky be used unless it is well matured.

Detailed List on application to
MOREL BROS., COBBETT & SON
(LIMITED),

210 & 211, PICCADILLY;
18 & 19, Pall Mall;
143, REGENT ST.

Whisky Bonded Stores, Inverness, N.B.

"JOHANNIS"

KING OF TABLE WATERS.

PREPARED ENTIRELY WITH NATURAL GAS.
Prevents Gout, Rheumatism, and Indigestion.

Mixes equally well with Wines, Spirits, or Milk.

Not medicinal, but an agreeable health-promoting beverage.

SUPPLIED AT ALL FIRST-CLASS HOTELS, AND RESTAURANTS.

Simple Cases of 50 Pints, 18/6, including bottles.

JOHANNIS SPRINGS, Ltd.,
ZOLLHAUS, GERMANY.

Wholesale Stores—
25, WHARF ROAD, CITY ROAD, LONDON.



ROPER
FRÈRES'
FIRST QUALITY
CHAMPAGNE.

LIEBIG
COMPANY'S
EXTRACT
OF
BEEF

See Signature (as above) in Blue Ink across the Label on each Jar of the Genuine Extract.

ALLAN'S ANTI-FAT

PURELY VEGETABLE. Perfectly Harmless. Will reduce 7 to 15 lb. a week; acts on the food in stomach preventing its conversion into Fat—old hypochondriacs.

Send stamp for pamphlet.

ALLAN'S ANTI-FAT
BOTANIC MEDICINE CO., 2, NEW OXFORD ST., W.C.

2 Million Bottles filled in 1873.
18 Million " " " 1890.

Apollinaris
"THE QUEEN OF TABLE WATERS."

"Cosmopolitan."
BRITISH MEDICAL JOURNAL.

Gold Medals, Paris, 1878 & 1889. JOSEPH GILLOTT'S PENS.

The new (very large Barrel Pen) "MAMMOTH QUILL," No. 1001, three in Box with Holder, 2s.; No. 1001 Gilt, two in Box with Holder, 2s.

S. & H. HARRIS'S
HARNESS COMPOSITION
(WATERPROOF).

SADDLE PASTE.
(WATERPROOF).
S. & H. HARRIS. Manufactory: LONDON, E.

S. & H. HARRIS'S
EBONITE BLACKING
(WATERPROOF). For Boots, Shoes, Harness, and all Black Leather articles.

POLISHING PASTE.
For Cleaning Metals and Glass.

A LAXATIVE, REFRESHING FRUIT LOZENCE, VERY AGREEABLE TO TAKE.

TAMAR INDIEN GRILLON.

E. GRILLON, 69, Queen Street, City, London.

SOLD BY ALL CHEMISTS AND DRUGGISTS, 2s. 6d. A BOX.

For PLEASURE and PROFIT.

FRUIT ROSES

Nothing so Profitable and Easy to Grow.
74 ACRES IN STOCK.

See CATALOGUE for Simple Instructions and kinds of Trees to suit all Soils.

HUNDREDS OF THOUSANDS.
BUSHES, 8s. per doz., 60s. 100.
Packing and Carriage Free for Cash with order.

ROSES in Pots, from 15s. per doz.
ORNAMENTAL TREES 91 ACRES.
4 ACRES OF CLASS.

CLEMATIS (80,000), from 15s. per doz.
N.B.—Single Plants are sold at slightly increased prices.

SEEDS and Vegetable, Flower, BULBS and Farm.
DESCRIPTIVE LISTS FREE.

RICHARD SMITH & CO., Worcester.

TOO THIN in the BODY. Send 3 stamps for Pamphlet on treatment to Managers.

FRATROSA CARAMEL CO., NOTTINGHAM.
Highest Testimonials. Quote Paper.

C. BRANDAUER & CO.'S
CIRCULAR POINTED PENS

Neither scratch nor split, the points being rounded by a new process. Seven Prize Medals awarded.

Attention is also drawn to their new "Graduated Series of Pens," one pattern being made in 4 degrees of flexibility, and each in 3 widths of points.

Assorted Sample Box of either series, 6d., or by post for 7 stamps from the Works, Birmingham.

ALL FAT PEOPLE
Should take TRILENE TABLETS (Regd.).
The only safe cure for ENLARGED LIVER. Send 2d. to TRILENE CO., 70, Finsbury Pavement, London.

"EXCELLENT—of Great Value."—*Lancet*, June 15, 1889.

CONCENTRATED PEPTONIZED

NUTRITIOUS. DELICIOUS. DIGESTIBLE.

COCOA AND MILK

Tins, 1s. 6d. and 2s. 6d., obtainable everywhere.

SAVORY & MOORE, LONDON.

LEA & PERRINS' SAUCE.

The Original and Genuine "Worcestershire Sauce."

For HOT and COLD MEATS,

GRAVIES, SALADS, SOUPS, GAME, FISH, WELSH RAREBITS, &c., &c.



Lea & Perrins
Signature is on every Bottle of the Genuine and Original.

J. EXSHAW & CO.'S
FINEST OLD BRANDY.

60s. per doz. in Cases as Imported.
T. W. EXSHAW & CO., 20, Regent Street, W.

EDWARD PARRISH by contract transferred the manufacture of his Syrup to Squire & Sons. The Public are cautioned that a number of inferior imitations (differing in composition) are sold as Parrish's. To obtain the original preparation sold for the last 30 years by Squire & Sons, purchasers should ask for

SQUIRE'S CHEMICAL FOOD

Bottles, 2s., 3s., and 6s.

FOR DELICATE CHILDREN.

OF AGENTS, OR BY PARCEL POST FREE DIRECT FROM

SQUIRE & SONS,

Her Majesty's Chemists,
413, OXFORD STREET, LONDON.

Table Schweppe's Waters

Continue to be supplied to Her Majesty the Queen.

Beware of IMITATIONS OF BOTH RED AND BROWN LABELS.

FLORILINE.

FOR THE TEETH AND BREATH.
Is the BEST LIQUID DENTIFRICE in the World.

Prevents the decay of the TEETH. Renders the Teeth PEARLY WHITE. Is perfectly harmless, and delicious to the Taste. Is partly composed of Honey, and extracts from sweet herbs and plants. Of all Chemists and Perfumers throughout the world. 3s. 6d. per bottle.

FLORILINE TOOTH POWDER only.
Put up in glass jars. Price 1s.

Prepared only by
The Anglo-American Drug Company, Limited,
25, FARRINGTON ROAD, LONDON, E.C.

Beware of Parties offering imitations of
MAGNIVEN & CAMERON'S PENS

"They are the best pens invented, and it is only bare justice to the patentees to record the fact."—*Standard News*.



Waverley Pen
MAGNIVEN & CAMERON
EDINBURGH

6d. and 1s. per Box, at all Stationers.
Sample Box of all the kinds 12 1/2d. by Post.

Waverley Works, EDINBURGH.

HOT MINERAL SPRINGS OF BATH.

Daily yield 807,600 gallons, at a temperature of 117° to 120°.

Baths founded at Bath by the Romans in the First Century. The waters are well known as being most valuable in cases of Rheumatism, Gout, and Skin Affections. The Corporation of Bath have recently enlarged and perfected the Baths at great expense.

In the words of one of the greatest Hygienic Physicians, THE BATHS ARE THE MOST COMPLETE in Europe. Band Daily in the Pump-Room. Letters to the Manager will receive attention and every information.

WEAR THE VENTILATED CELLULAR CLOTH AND CLOTHING.

HEALTHY AND DURABLE.

UNDERWEAR, DRESS SHIRTS, NIGHT CLOTHING.

Illustrated Price List, with names of 160 Country Agents, sent post free on application. A complete assortment of Stock at

ROBERT SCOTT, 14 & 15, FOLKLEY, CHARTERS, E.C.
OLIVER BROS., 417, OXFORD ST., LONDON, W.

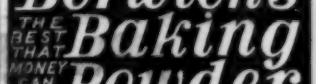
BEST & SAFEST DENTIFRICE

SOLD BY ALL CHEMISTS AND PERFUMERS, IN ELEGANT CRYSTAL TOILET CASKET

PRICE 2/6.

ALSO IN PATENT METALLIC BOX

PRICE 1/-



Borwick's Baking Powder.

THE BEST THAT MONEY CAN BUY.

PERFECTLY PURE, AND FREE FROM ALUM.

FEED YOUR CHILDREN ON

DR. RIDGE'S

PATENT COOKED FOOD.

The Lancet says:
—"Would be con-
sulted with great
ease."
*The London Medi-
cal Record says:*—
"It is retained
when all other
foods are re-
jected."

GOLD MEDAL, Health Exhibition, London; HIGHEST AWARD, Adelaide, 1887.

BENGER'S FOOD

RETAIL IN TINS, 1s. 6d., 2s. 6d., 6s., and 10s., of Chemists, &c., everywhere. WHOLESALE OF ALL WHOLESALE HOUSES.

EXTRACT FROM
PRIVATE LETTER.
"I have given
BENGER'S FOOD
solely for some time
to my youngest
child, and
months' old
doctor's directions,
and am pleased to
say its effect is mar-
vellous—a few days
could not be and
previous to taking
this, nothing he had
would digest."

THE HABIT OF HEALTH.

CIVILIZATION by Soap is only skin-deep directly; but indirectly there is no limit to it.

If we think of soap as a means of cleanliness only, even then **PEARS' SOAP** is a matter of course. It is the only soap that is all soap and nothing but soap—no free fat nor free alkali in it.

But what does cleanliness lead to? It leads to a wholesome body and mind; to clean thoughts; to the habit of health; to manly and womanly beauty.

PEARS' SOAP has to do with the wrinkles of age—we are forming them now. If life is a pleasure, the wrinkles will take a cheerful turn when they come; if a burden, a sad one. The soap that frees us from humours and pimples brings a life of happiness. Wrinkles will come; let us give them the cheerful turn.

Virtue and wisdom and beauty are only the habit of happiness.

CIVILIZATION by soap, pure soap, **PEARS' SOAP**, that has no alkali in it—nothing but soap—is more than skin-deep.

BIRD'S CUSTARD POWDER

Supplies a Daily Luxury—Dainties in Endless Variety—The Choicest Dishes and Richest Custard.

NO EGGS REQUIRED.

WRITE
TO **HENRY PEASE & Co.'s SUCCESSORS,**
THE MILLS, DARLINGTON,
FOR PATTERNS OF THEIR NEW AUTUMN AND WINTER
DRESS FABRICS.

SENT POST-FREE ON APPROVAL TO ANY ADDRESS.

Any Length Cut at Mill Prices.

All the latest and most fashionable Designs, and entirely new weavings of their World-renowned Cross-Warp Serges, Gold Medal Merinos and Cashmeres, and Rough and Ready Tweeds. New Shades for the Season in charming variety. Any article not approved exchanged within Seven Days. All Goods are warranted to be equal to Sample. Carriage Paid on all Orders to any Railway Station in Great Britain, and to Dublin, Belfast, Limerick, Cork, and Waterford.

London Sale Room: 244, REGENT STREET (over Jeff's, and Harris, the Furriers). Where a full range of Patterns, as well as goods in the piece, and finished Outfits, may be seen. Experienced Assistants are in attendance to take measurements and instructions for Dressmaking, and prompt execution of all orders is guaranteed.

CADBURY'S

COCOA IS ABSOLUTELY PURE, THEREFORE BEST

"The name Cadbury on any packet of Cocoa or Chocolate is a guarantee of purity."—Medical Annual.